

One Rock Island Argus.

Twenty-first Year.

ROCK ISLAND, ILLINOIS, TUESDAY, JANUARY 30, 1872.

Established Oct. 18, 1851

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

For each square, or the space occupied by ten lines of solid matter, one dollar for each insertion.

Special Notices, 10 cents per line. When inserted 3 months or more, 50 per cent above regular advertising rates.

Communications, or articles inserted among reading matter, 10 cents per line.

DAILY AND WEEKLY—A discount of 25 per cent, will be made from the weekly rates, on yearly and half yearly contracts, when the same matter is inserted in both Daily and Weekly.

Double Columns will be charged 25 per cent additional.

For all transient advertisements advance payment is required.

Clearing the Coast of Texas.

BY CLINT PARKHURST.

The coasted shores are dancing bright

To the light of the morning sun.

And, gleaming with the yellow light,

The distant headlands show the night.

As glancing o'er the billows white

They check the ocean's inward flow.

Slowly the sun with the white

Obscured behind his golden crest.

The lambent glory round his crest

Sinks on the ocean's lonely breast.

And lights the surge's white waves,

Till Night commands the pagan cease.

Then dark the clouds sweep o'er the sky,

Responsive to the tempest's roar:

The heavy waters struggle big,

And rain the weary eye.

To pierce the gloomy wastes that lie

Between it and the fading day.

The vessel plunges on its way,

Our native home is past.

Our track is through the ocean spray,

And where the fearful breakers lay,

And where the whirlwind seeks its prey,

We must surely by the blast.

Perchance the gale that drives us on

May sweep us to our doom;

Perchance the stars so pale and wan

May see the last long prospect gone,

And are the light of breakers lay,

Our minute gun may boom.

Ah! I never saw the tempest swell,

And darker yet the heavens grow;

A deeper shade o'er midnight tell,

The blast strikes like a demon's yell,

Dread thunders rumble forth their knells

In monodies of woe.

Ah! what a scene on which to gaze—

The ocean heaved to foam,

While mountains high the billows raise,

And in its rapid play

The awful lightning's angry flames,

Impetuous in its cloudy flames,

It fragments like the bursting shell,

The mast head low but do not break;

The sterns are a moment's quail,

The warmest cheek a moment pale,

The sterns are a moment's quail,

And nerves of iron shake.

But true the oak as massive steel,

Bent to the place it springs again,

And while the sails shiver round the mast,

And gleams round round the mast,

And down the storm of foam rain.

The slippery deck with ice is laid,

And while the ship is heeled and cast

As though each moment were the last,

They feel the canvas from the blast

And feel the hurricane at bay.

But gentle the spring from the mast

And cling to yards that fly the spray,

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